

Bury Thy Sorrow

Mary Bachelor, ca. 1871.

Philip Bliss.

Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way:
He'll lighten thy burdenGo, weary one, pray.

Hearts growing weary with heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darknessGo, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blessed;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.